

Remember Me

by rozzingit

Category: Princess Mononoke

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 1999-12-23 08:00:00

Updated: 2001-03-31 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:17:31

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,698

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Views of Ashitaka's, especially ones of returning to his old village.

Remember Me

"Remember Me"

>By Taryn K.

>Yakkuru whinnied briefly, pawing at the ground with a hoof as he waited for a command from his master. Ashitaka ignored the red elk's impatience, instead scanning the land ahead of him briefly, for no real reason. He already knew there would be nothing out of place. There never was. Ever since Iron Town had been destroyed by the Nightwalker as he collapsed in death, the humans of Iron Town had gained a new perspective. A perspective on how everyone, and everything came together in desperate times. Times against a common enemy, or common disaster.

>With a slight smile of contentment, Ashitaka gave the slightest flick of the thick leather reins, and Yakkuru was off into a quick canter. The elk seemed to fly in his speed and ease of travel through the thick forest; down from ledges, cliffs, that any human in his right mind would never dare to come near.

>Yet the elk gracefully leapt through the forest with ease, Ashitaka all the while keeping a close eye on their surroundings.

>As the Eshimi Prince saw a flash of white through the minimal cracks between the trees, he slowly brought Yakule to a stop. As they stood in the forest, stock-still to listen and wait, they heard a slight rustle in the bushes, and a giant wolf appeared. Well, for a wolf-god he was not giant, but in comparison to any normal wolf he was huge.

>The wolf-god, one of San's two brothers, spoke quietly, in a low voice. "Boy...San wished to speak with you. She's waiting on the cliff." With that, the white wolf narrowed his eyes threateningly at Ashitaka, whom he had never come on very good terms with, and bounded off into the thick foliage.

>Ashitaka, now wearing a slight frown of confusion, reared in Yakkuru as he once again pawed at the soft soil. Leaning down to pat the

great elk's neck, he whispered soothingly in his ear before giving the silent command to go into a quick canter, then gallop.

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>
Seeing the cliff had always brought a flood of memories to Ashitaka's mind. Memories of his night there, awakening to see San asleep beside him, speaking with Moro the wolf-god, and San's adoptive mother. He remembered their conversation...

>
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>"San is my daughter. When the forest dies, she dies." Moro said, responding to Ashitaka's question. Ashitaka opened his mouth slightly in shock, and had exploded in response to her cruel words.

>"But she is human! She is not a wolf!" the boy said, only hoping that it was true. Knowing, yet still hoping. Desperate...

>"She is neither wolf nor

human..."
=====

>

>At the time, Moro's words had seemed harsh, uncaring, cruel, and even hateful. He had known her expression when she spoke to him; an expression of utter disgust and hatred to him. And now he recognized it as utter prejudice. Moro, though over four hundred, had not met everyone. She had not met him.

>Prejudice, yet still amazingly wise in her age. She was the only one who had recognized Ashitaka's feelings for what they were.

>=====<

br>San cried into Moro's coat silently, no sobs escaping her. She cried into the fur of the only mother she had known. She cried because she knew she was leaving her mother, and she did not know if she would be coming back. She only knew the humans had come. And Lord Okoto was blind...he needed eyes to see.

>
"That boy wanted to share his life with you," Moro had told her softly, yet firmly. And San could not tell when she responded, but their must have been some feeling in Moro alike joy.

>
"I hate him! I hate all humans!"

>=====<

br>

>There was no possible way for Ashitaka to really have known that, unless he had been told. And he had been told, by San, after the Forest Spirit had been killed. After the human's eyes had been opened. And he had remembered Moro, still, as the only one who had read Ashitaka's mind when he was around San. Still the only one.

>=====<

br>Utter darkness.

>
Ashitaka dropped in the water, unconscious from the force that Okoto had thrown him off of his demon-becoming body. Thrown him off after Ashitaka had ripped through the worm-like demon flesh to rescue San...but he had failed. And he would have died, if it wasn't for Moro.

>
"Ashitaka...can you save the girl you love?"

>
The boy's only thought when he awoke was...Yes.

>=====<
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> And of course, his first words about San...the words that bewitched him...the ones which he had made him fall in love with this girl, this Princess Mononoke.

>=====<
br>"Why did you stop me from killing her?! Tell me while you're still alive!" San shouted at him, pulling his own sword roughly from his belt and holding it to his throat threateningly, but not in a threat.

>
"I wanted you to live..." were the only words he could manage at the moment, his eyes even now still closed.
>
"I'm not afraid of death, and I'm not afraid of you! I should kill you for stopping me!" She screamed, putting the slightest pressure on his sword, the tip slightly puncturing Ashitaka's flesh. He only opened his eyes, and spoke softly.
>
"You're beautiful."

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br>
> Closing his eyes, Ashitaka wrapped his arms around himself slightly, remembering that fateful day...it had been a horrible day...the day the Forest Spirit died.

>=====<
br>San yelled and sobbed all at once, slicing down through air to pierce through the flesh of Ashitaka's chest, and bury the crystal dagger into it. The same one he had given her. The same that Kaya, his sister, had given him.
>
And still Ashitaka approached, wrapping his arms around her gently as she sobbed into him. She sobbed, for it was dead. "It's all over. The forest is dead."
>
And Ashitaka had pulled her away so he could look into her eyes; eyes that had been fierce, proud, and passionate, and still were. He looked into them and said, "Nothing is dead. The two of us are still alive."

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>Ashitaka opened his eyes and relaxed as he heard the familiar voice of his loved one questioned softly, "Ashitaka?" He turned to see her; she had been called Princess Mononoke, by Lady Eboshi. Princess of Beasts. Of Gods. But she was his Princess. No one else's.

>Ashitaka smiled, dismounting off Yakkuru and patting his muzzle slightly, giving a whisper for the elk to leave and wander as he wished. Yakkuru inclined his head and did so with pleasure, leaving to graze.

>Watching the elk leave, San bounded up to Ashitaka with a slight immaturity, hugging him fiercely. He smiled and hugged her back, if a bit more gently. He pulled her close, reveling in the moment before releasing her.

>"Your brother said you especially wanted to see me today for some reason," Ashitaka said, seating himself down on the edge of the cliff, looking out at the forest. San seated herself beside him, leaning against his shoulder and smiling as he put his arm around her.

>"Have you ever been tempted to go back?" she finally asked, after a few minutes of silence as they watched the pure beauty of the lowering sun.

>He looked down at her, the question catching him off-guard. He wondered at her words, having to remind himself just how much she knew about him. Of course, Yakkuru had told her. He had no idea how she could actually understand him, but he had told her.

>"Go back...to my home, you mean? Back to the Emishi? My people?" He watched her closely, relaxing as she nodded in response. "I have not been tempted for some time. It would be nice, just to see the village again. And Kaya...she was so upset when I had to leave. That crystal dagger I gave you...that was her's. She gave it to me before I left, even though it was forbidden to see me. It still is...it's forbidden for any Emishi to see me, now. To them I am dead.

>"I was tempted when I left. I truly did not want to leave. I was to become their King, when I came of the age."

>He was about to continue, when San interrupted him. "But what about your Father?" she asked. "Why was he not King?"

>"My father..." Ashitaka sighed sadly, hugging San close for a moment. "Both my parents were dead when I left. My mother was taken in childbirth of my younger sister, Kaya, and my Father by disease not long after. I was raised by my people, and the only reason I was not King, was because I was not yet of the age."

>San looked up at him, taking her eyes off the setting sun for a moment. "Oh...I'm sorry, Ashitaka. Yakkuru never told me about your parents, and I was only curious..."

>He only smiled lovingly, looking back out at the sunset. "I suppose you had more of a mother than I did," he admitted. "But you know what?"

>San smiled as well, leaning back on Ashitaka and following his gaze. "What?"

>"You're beautiful."

>And this time, she did not recoil.

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>Kaya giggled as she picked rice from the fields cheerfully, glancing over at her friend as she confided a joke with her. It was a beautiful day, not too hot, not too cold, and Kaya and her friends were having a fun time as they went around their chores.

>Abruptly Kaya stopped, straightening and glancing around them quickly. As her friend asked worriedly what was wrong, Kaya only smiled again and said that it was nothing. But as she bent back down to continue her work, she glanced over at the fringes of the forest, and thought for a moment she saw a young man, brown-haired, and riding a red elk. But the image quickly passed, and she threw it off as some tricks of her imagination. <p><p>

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